

What is politically correct... Chapel, Sanctuary, or Quiet Room?



This painting by Nikki Voysey. Staff photo

by S. Brown and E. Cocker

Few students have noticed the label over the door in the gallery that reads "Chapel". Even fewer know what secret lies behind that dark, heavy door. I have been inside Harpeth Hall's chapel once -- in sixth grade, when it served as a dressing room for Harold Company sales. The interior consists of a few wooden pews, one stain glass window depicting a landscape, and a Bible on a podium. Now, I hear the pews are gone, replaced by stacks of folding chairs and odds and ends stuck there for storage. I couldn't see the place for myself, though: the door is kept locked.

The subject of the chapel arose during a faculty discussion about some students' need for a quiet place in which to be alone. Visiting speaker Paula Lawrence

Wehmiller was intrigued with the image of the locked chapel, and challenged the faculty to think about the message it sends. In considering the place of a chapel in an independent school, the faculty, staff, and administration offered several suggestions for its use, all of which advocated the opening of the room.

There have been many misconceptions about Harpeth Hall's chapel. Originally, it was a donation to Harpeth Hall on the supposed condition that it be used as a place of Christian worship. Apparently, this is no longer applicable, if it ever was. A few years ago when Headmaster David Wood locked it due to vandalism, it became a storage room to the administration and a mystery to the students.

As with all

mysteries, rumors soon spread. To some it was a mislabeled closet; others knew it as an extra changing room before performances; and most recently, it was reportedly going to become a classroom for the fifth graders. Everyone has probably heard some story or another about the chapel, true or not.

The outcome of the recent discussion is this: Mrs. Rhys has announced that the chapel will soon be opened as a place for quiet meditation. The Bible will remain on the table, and books sacred to other faiths will be added as they are donated. Regardless of your religious convictions, you are welcome to use the chapel as a retreat in which to slow down and take some "breathing time" during a stressful day.

Student Art Show

by Sarah Chisolm

On Friday, April 22, the Harpeth Hall Student Art Show opened in the Marnie Sheridan Gallery. A reception from 6:30 to 8:30 Friday night honored the hard work that all the art students have done ever since August of last year. On display are pieces from students in Art I, Art II, Art

III, and Advanced Placement Art, as well as Photography I, II, and III. Peter Goodwin's photography classes contributed photo collages, hand-colored pictures, and photos of models who portray different decades in recent American history, in

Cont. on p. 3

Positive uniform changes?

by Ruffin Priest

After several meetings and much heated discussion, the Student-Faculty uniform committee produced a new uniform code. Opening with such questions as, "Should we keep the same plaid?" and "should we keep the same supply company?" through the more abstract, like "What exactly *is* a uniform?", the group of teachers, students, and administrators finally faced less daunting questions; for instance, "should we include navy in

the colors of tights?"

In the first proposal, it was suggested that all uniform shirts be required to have the school's logo on the pocket. A storm of student protest over cost eliminated that option. Therefore, the uniform rules to be put into effect next year are as follows:

- White and blue long- and short-sleeved oxford shirts
- the old P.E. blouse as a senior privilege
- white socks
- plaid kilt and plaid and

hunter green skirts

- green and yellow culottes
- turtlenecks in black, white, and navy
- tights in black, grey, and navy
- saddle oxfords or black loafers
- green athletic jacket or navy official fleece (if available next year) are the only jackets to be worn inside
- only senior hats to be worn inside

The Student-Faculty thanks everyone for their input.

Just Briefly...

by Jada Arkovitz

Cum Laude --

On Wednesday, April 20, six senior and six juniors were inducted into the Harpeth Hall chapter of the Cum Laude Society. Congratulations to Seniors Mab Byrd, Kitty Coleman, Emily Hatch, Sarah Phillips, Jennifer Towbin, and Holly Whetsell, and to Juniors Kimberly Baird, Varina Buntin, Jean Davis, Dana Deaton, Christie Fontecchio, and Katherine Wray.

Prom -- On April 9th, the class of 1995

presented "A Magic Carpet Ride" as the prom theme. After presentation, students danced the night away to the music of Upsetting the Mothers. Congratulations to the Prom Court: Freshman Representative Emily Holmes, Sophomore Brenna Tally, Juniors Jean Davis and Katie Earls, Seniors Kassy Harris and Tiffany DeFrance, and Appy Frenchman, Prom Queen. A special congratulations to all the Juniors!

It's not harassment this time

by Jennifer LaRue

Two years ago, in June, I went on an Episcopal mission trip to South Dakota. While there, I gained a deeper sense of faith, a feeling of helping others, and a bond between new found friends. One friend, Will, and I shared not only our time together, but also our feelings. We started a relationship that continued well after we left South Dakota. Will gave me something I had only dreamed of -- a loving relationship between best friends. However, it only remained a dream, until I was rudely awakened.

Now, I sit in a on the courtroom stand answering a questioning lawyer. I look out only to see Will staring back at me. The best friend I confided in, now is my enemy. He is a different person, capable of things I never thought he could do.

Will waits in the defendant's chair as I tell my story. What happened to my dream?

It fell to shambles after we returned to Tennessee. Although we continued to date, Will had become more of a friend. After telling him my change in feelings, he would still tell me he loved me and made many attempts to win back my love.

Will's affections grew intense and things went out of control. I no

longer wanted anything to do with him. He made many references to marriage and children while trying to force me to feel something I did not.

Will's attempts over the course of almost two years included continuous telephone calls, love and forgiveness letters, uninvited visits to school, banners on my locker, suicide threats over my lack of love, and drives by and to my house. He also hunted me down when I was off in California.

Out of frustration and anger, I did my best to get him out of my life. For a while I succeeded. Unfortunately what I wanted to be the end, turned out to be only the beginning.

Nothing stopped him. Things escalated on March 5th, my birthday, when I came home with my boyfriend. There was a car parked on the corner of my street. A friend of Will's approached us in my driveway and would not leave. Before I knew it things led to my boyfriend almost being killed.

The reason I decided to tell the skeleton of my story is so others who may experience a situation similar to mine know they can do something about it. I was naive and foolish. I thought that Will would leave me alone; it just

may take more time than I thought. Two years went by before I learned. Please don't make the same mistake I did -- I almost lost someone I really care about because I didn't take the legal steps to force Will out.

After the situation escalated out of control, I went to the police and the courthouse. We filed warrants for his arrest, one for aggravated assault and the other for harassment. I want you to realize that there are laws for situations like this. My story came very close to stalking, but since it was not, harassment is the offense. There are also restraining orders and orders of protection. I just want people to know that if you are being harassed, stalked, or even simply annoyed, there are legal offenses that can be written up against the offender. Don't sit back and wait for a true tragedy, be strong and fight. Just know that you may have to testify, go to court, and face the offender, but remember -- you are the victim and don't think of anything but what he or she has put you through.

Congrats!

To everyone who will hold office next year as a club leader: there's not room to mention you all, but this year's officer and leaders wish you the best of luck in your coming year. Keep raising \$\$\$\$

Becky's Bellyachin'

Being the continual reader of the handbook that I am, as well as the recipient of many pink slips, I know firsthand many of Harpeth Hall's finer rules.

As you may have noticed, there has been a surplus of pink slips handed out and some people are wondering why. Well, after this whole uniform debate, the teachers were asked to tighten the strings on the uniform to ensure excess clarity on exactly what is in the uniform.

Now this seems fair, I suppose, I simply am glad that we go to a school where the main concern is uniforms, not guns in classrooms. We don't have to walk through metal detectors when we enter the Math-Science Lobby, our purses are never checked and our lockers are never searched. Our minor theft

problems from last year have even disappeared, except for the rare one who keeps "borrowing" my gym shoes, but at least she puts them back when she is through.

After working at Juvenile Hall over Winterim, I have become truly thankful for my sheltered life. I don't know about you, but I can't learn if I have a policeman patrolling the halls. So thank you, Harpeth Hall, for keeping our crisis to uniform codes and water bottle debates. I think I definitely prefer these arguments to when the next drug test will be held or which locker shall we randomly search today.

I also definitely prefer the pink slip to a caning any day (can you imagine some of our administrators with access to a large bamboo stick? Not a pretty sight).

Logos II Staff

Editors-in-Chief -- Mab Byrd, Jennifer LaRue

News Editors -- Sallie McMurray, Sarah Chisolm

Opinions Editors -- Sara Brown, Elizabeth Crocker

Features Editors -- Lauren Marler, Catherine Blackburn

Entertainment Editors -- Sarah Phillips, Beth Waltemath

Sports Editors -- Jean Davis, Christie Fontecchio

Photo Editors -- Kristine West, Becky Clark, Kimberly Baird

Business Editor -- Jada Arkovitz

Sponsor -- Laura Huff

Writers -- Carrie Daniels, Kelly Williams, Kate Terry, Merrill Lackey, Karen Williams, Sarah Costonis, Kelli Dunaway, Bradley Coburn, Kassy Harris, Miller Wild

Editorial Policy

Logos II invites both students and faculty to submit letters to the editor or article expressing personal views. Writings can be published under a pseudonym or without a by-line, by arrangement with the Editors-in-Chief. No anonymous submissions will be accepted.

The Editors of Logos II

He said...She said... At Prom

Dear Editors,

On April 9, 1994 I had the distinct pleasure of attending the Harpeth Hall Prom. As I entered the normally mundane auditorium in which it was held, I found myself projected into the magical world of...Aladdin. Throughout the evening my emotional inebriation was further enhanced by scenes as a Middle Eastern market. Later standing in the wings off of the presentation runway, I reflected on the perfection of the atmosphere; here we are a bunch of guys who in the tradition of the 90's had been invited to a dance by womin*. Sadly enough, we men had been deceived. The moment I stepped onto the runway, my attention was diverted from the beautiful moment to an abhorrence sight of blatant sexism. Much to my dismay, there stood to my left and to my right, two half -- naked male "models". Naturally, I felt nauseous and violated; however, I did manage to complete the walk without embarrassing my date and myself. Obviously I had been presented with a disturbing dilemma: Was I to do as I had been told by many Logos articles or was I to do as I had now been shown by the writers of these articles and resort to the customs of a caveman-like world where men committed such acts of sacrilege as opening the door for a lady? As I sat wondering what I should do, or how I should respond, I realized that the burden for once was not with me or any other male. The burden, however inconceivable this may be, rests with the womin. They need to reevaluate one of two things: either, how seriously they take their fight against sexism or how seriously they take themselves.

All in good satire,

Bradley Coburn

by Becky Clark

As Mr. Coburn so eloquently pointed out, our prom theme did resemble the movie, *Aladdin*. You may recall from the movie that there were "half -- naked" men, including the great genie and the hero, Aladdin himself, bearing his own rippling chest.

When we hired these two strapping young men to join us at our presentation festivities, our intention was for them to act as genies and stand at the front of the castle looking intimidating. Both models consented and were duly paid for their services. I fear that we may have upset Bradley without knowing that he was such a concerned and sensitive young man.

I feel, though, that we were far from exploiting or violating anyone's manhood. If that was our intention, these models would have been stark naked dancing on the platform to "Hot, Hot Hot". Instead, we placed them on either side of the platform in highly conservative positions.

We at Harpeth Hall enjoy knowing of dear Bradley's deep concern for our own integrity and of his standings on sexism. We also thank him for the kind and informative letter, although we will not apologize for hiring models dressed according to our theme and having them act in a dignified (yet in character) manner. Once again, thanks Bradley; and

If we shadows have
offended,

Think but this and all is
mended:

That you have but
slumbered here

While these visions did
appear.

And this weak and idle
theme,

No more yielding but a
dream,

Gentles, do not
reprehend.

If you pardon, we will
mend...

Else the Puck a liar call.
So good night unto you
all.

Give me your hands, if we
be friends,

And Puck shall restore
amends.

Art Show...

cont. from p. 1

In addition to many other beautiful and/or attention-grabbing black and white prints. Student pieces ranged from colorful acrylics to charcoal, ink, and pencil drawings to clay sculptures, collages, and watercolor studies of perspective. Some pieces are beautiful, others are lifelike reproductions of people or a stilllife, while

still others are intense and emotion-provoking. Some of the seniors whose work was displayed are Advanced Placement Art students Lindsey Orcutt, Julie Asbury, Anna Ruth Brown, Nikki Voysey, and Josephine Proctor. The show is absolutely amazing; come to the Gallery and see it soon, because it won't be up forever!

Congrats to Logos II Staff 1994 -- 95!

Editors: Jennifer LaRue, Sarah Chisholm

News Editor: Sallie McMurray

Features Editor: Catherine Blackburn

Opinions Editor: Elizabeth Crocker

Entertainment Editor: Carrie Daniels

Sports Editor: Kristine West

Photography Editor: Kimberly Baird, Becky Clark

Buisness Editor: Jada Arkovitz

Feminism taken too far

by Catherine Blackburn

I began to write this article upon reading with great horror the little "beat MBA" comment tacked on the end of my lacrosse story. I am sharing with you the reason why that annoying, nobody-checked-with-me-first phrase made me cringe.

I like MBA. I am an MBA cheerleader. I have friends at MBA. I think. I simply disagree with the recent, intense animosity displayed by the Harpeth Hall community towards our counterparts. Get a life, girls! I'm not talking about lighthearted humor or trading cutdowns, but outright bloodthirsty cries for Big Red Death. What kind of

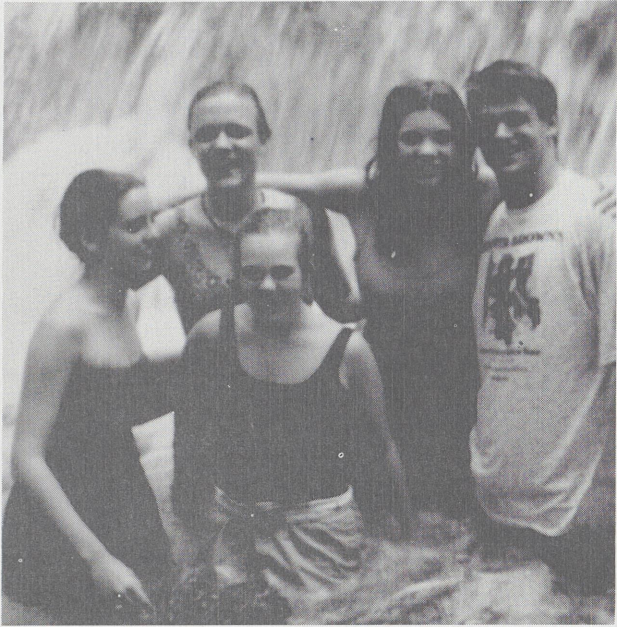
inferiority complex do you have that makes you measure Harpeth Hall's success not in terms of actual independent achievement, but by whether or not we beat MBA? Do you really care?

This is not an apology to those MBA guys who got riled up over my sexual harrassment article; it's not a kiss-up, nor any of the other things of which I will undoubtedly be accused. I am speaking to Harpeth Hall girls, and I implore you to break this horrendous habit. It's obnoxious to hear every victory proclaimed, "We beat the boys!" Part of the reason Harpeth Hall exists is to

give girls time away from the battle of the sexes, during which they can develop a sense of pride in personal accomplishment, and that purpose is diminished by this Feminazi attitude.

As single-sex schools, we have something in common; our time would be better spent supporting one another and maybe, occasionally, engaging in some FRIENDLY rivalry. The "annihilate the sexist pigs" bit has gone too far. I am proud to have spent many a Friday night yelling, "Roll Red," and I will not allow myself to be persecuted for it.

So... where did *YOU*



Seniors Anna Ruth Brown, Katie Moran, Jennie Stevens, Robinette Weiss, and Hugh Gaston in a waterfall in Jamaica. Photo courtesy of Jennie Stevens.

"On my cruise, these two psychotic 12-year-old boys followed me around with a video camera, and when I went into the women's restroom, one of them came in and said in a deep, raspy voice: 'Hey, sexy!' "

-Katherine Wray, Junior

Advice for Underclassmen: "Definitely go to Jamaica...Go to the cave in Montego Bay, but don't stay at the Wexford, because of the frightening sofa cushion pillows."

-- Miller Wild, Senior

"I ate sushi for the first time -- it's so good! And I saw the Grand Canyon, and it snowed! And I'm still confused about where to go to school!"

-- Becky Clark, Junior



Seniors Holly Whetsell, Jennifer Towbin, Amy Knowles, and Josephine Proctor on board the cruise ship *Costa Allegra*.

"I went to South Florida... I ate a lot of fish, read five books, and I didn't talk on the telephone one time.

Best vacation I ever had."

-- Pat Moran, PE teacher

"One night I decided to go out on the deck of the boat to get some fresh air. I was leaning over the railing when suddenly my watch just...slipped and...fell into the ocean.

It was my favorite watch, and I was very upset."

-Appy Frenchman, Senior



Seniors Courtney Nuttall, Lissa Ezell, and Katie Moran on vacation in Jamaica. Photo courtesy of Jennie Stevens.

"Let's be spontaneous!"

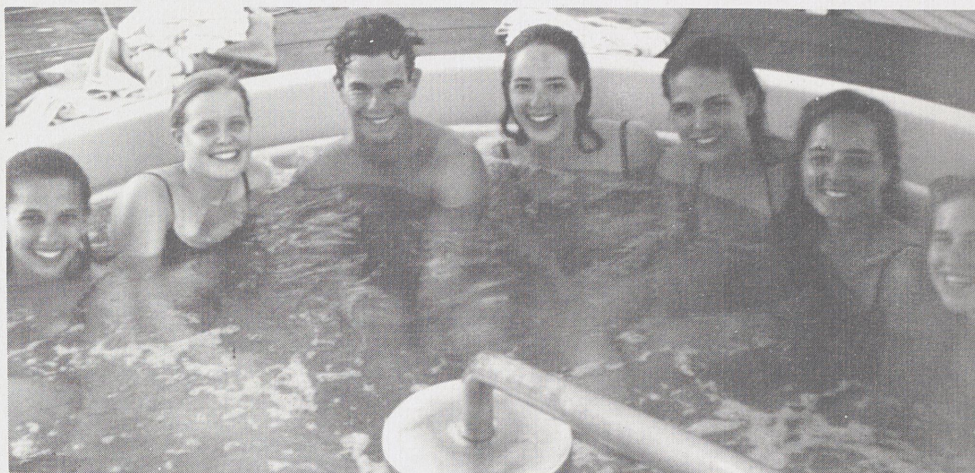
-Holly Meadows and Becky McKay, Freshmen

go for Spring Break?

"When our ship was ready to pull out of the harbor in Ocho Rios, we had to wait for two other ships to leave before us. The ship in front of us pulled out, and then suddenly stopped.

After thirty minutes, we found out that it had run aground! Luckily, our ship managed to get around it, but it was going to have to wait overnight for a tugboat to come and rescue it."

-Costa Allegra Seniors



Seniors Jennirfer Towbin, Lauren Marler, Rachel Reeves, Nikki Voysey, and Beth Davis with friends on the *Costa Allegra*. Photo courtesy of Rachel Reeves.



Left to Right: Junior Katherine Wray, Sheryl, Jnuior Varina Buntin, and Ana standing in Dunn's River Falls, enjoying the cool spray. Photo courtesy of Katherine Wrsay.

"We went to Captiva, and it was beautiful... not much in the way of night life (we drove for forty-five minutes down the island one night, and saw nobody but a couple of turtles and a few old man in tank tops), but the scenery was gorgeous. Every night we went down to the beach to watch the sunset -- I've never seen the 'green flash' before, but I saw it there. Must be all the air pollution."

-- Mab Byrd, Senior

"I went to the Cayman Islands for a week, and on the first day my boyfriend, Justin, and I spent most of the day laying out in the sun. Unfortunately, while I got a great tan, he got completely toasted. He couldn't walk, he couldn't get dressed, and he eventually broke out in hives and had to take an ice bath in the hotel bathtub. They got him some kind of medication and he was so drugged he couldn't talk straight for the rest of the trip."

-- Muffin McNabb, Junior



Left to Right: Seniors Andrea Gaffney, Miller Wild, Lindsey Mallard, Mary Southwood, Courtney Nuttall, Lissa Ezell, Kathryn Ozier, and Tiffany DeFrance on the porch of the Wexwood Hotel in Montego Bay, Jamaica. Photo courtesy of Mary Southwood.

You Know You're in a Relationship with the Wrong Guy When...

10. He still has training wheels on his bike.
9. He wears Incredible Hulk Underoos.
8. You met at the WWF at Municipal Auditorium.
7. He wants to take you to his room to see his tapeworm collection.
6. He tells you, "Hey! The doctor says the rash is no longer infectious."
5. You ask if he needs time to shower, and he asks what a shower is.
4. He has "666" tattooed on his forehead.
3. You see him on *Hard Copy* in an investigative report on serial killers.
2. In a moment of passion he calls out your mother's first name.
1. In a moment of passion he calls out your dog's name.

This week's disclaimer: well, let's clear up the fact that I am *not* Madame Zora, that's another girl. Yes, that was a picture of me in the paper, but no, I'm not Madame Zora.

SARAH PHILLIPS

Movie Review

by Carrie Daniels

Have you ever noticed that the movies of the eighties and nineties each take on a certain theme? The eighties' movies seem to tackle common teenage problems -- relationships, popularity, sex, and peer acceptance. The movies of the nineties deal with the post-college, twenty-something generation and the problems that accompany it -- relationships, job problems, and identity crises. These two groups of movies call for some comparison and contrasts.

Teen angst occurs in both *Can't Buy Me Love* and *The Breakfast Club*. In Steve Rash's *Can't Buy Me Love*, the story takes on a "boy rents girl" theme. The high school nerd, longing for popularity, buys a month's worth of dates with the most popular girl in school; he eventually gains popularity, but his peers find out the situation and dump him. The nerd realizes that it is hard to be yourself, but easier to gain acceptance that way. This is common among high school students today.

In *The Breakfast Club*, one of John Hughes' finest and the most popular of the "brat-pack" movies, five students from different cliques come together for detention. It can be characterized as a study in teenage culture. *Breakfast Club* includes a momentous and emotional scene where the character open up to, and express their feelings about, other cliques and their parents' high expectations, which is also common among high school students today.

And now the nineties' movies. Who can forget the film hit of '92, *Singles*? This film tells the story of a group of twenty-somethings trying to work out their relationship problems. With an all-star cast and an excellent script, Cameron Crowe cleverly directs this portrayal of post-college life. For you Pearl Jam fans out there, cameos by Eddie, Jeff, and Stone, are included.

Another popular movie about twenty-something problems is

Cont. on page 7

Three months into one weekend

by Emma Cook

Once again this year, on April 29 and 30 and May 1, the Harpeth Hall dance clubs emerged from their basement studio to put on an electrifying show for student, alumni, parents, friends, and random people off the street.

Ballet opened the show with "Vivo Alegre". The audience was living happy with the beautiful display of graceful *grazetes* and flowing skirts. The Jazz Club produced "Get up and Dance" numbers which clearly displayed their adroitness in coordination and syncopations, as well as a clear knowledge of how to make their audience get

up and dance. The Tap Club proved their ability in getting the rhythm by exclaiming, "We got it!" with their feet. The Modern Club put on a riveting performance with "the Storm." The Storm did not leave the audience's mind immediately after the



lights went out; in fact, it lasted all weekend!

Jazz Club's "Walk On", to the music with that same title, was memorable; walk through the halls today and you'll hear someone talking about it.

The modern ensemble piece, "Initiation",

illustrated a theme seemingly unable to be grasped at first and then proving to be very close to the Harpeth Hall community as it explored the areas of tradition in the processional and letting go in the initiation. The most poignant moment of the concert was the vibrant weave produced by the colorful ribbons used in "Celebration".

The spring Dance Concert reveals such talent and vision that it leaves the audience yearning for a more frequent display of these hidden attributes.

We'd rather be Phishing

by Kelly Williams

Whoa, Fee, you're trying to live a life that's completely free,

You're racing with the wind, you're flirting with death,

So have cup of coffee and catch your breath

"Fee" -- Phish

We were ready for anything - we've practically made road tripping into an art. Anything for Phish - anytime, anywhere, anyhow we can. Perhaps that's why what we saw in Atlanta was absolutely unbelievable. Five girls all thinking a trip to Atlanta to hear Phish play at the fabulous Fox Theatre would be just normal - and it was, except for the extra 250,000 people crammed into downtown Atlanta for the "Freaknik Festival," the Atlanta Braves game, and of course there were those who came to hear Phish like us.

With traffic at a complete stop on the interstate - yes, a

complete stop - it took us altogether about an hour to move two exits. Who knew you could get out of your car, scale a fence, and run to the Texaco for a few items and make it back to your car only to find it moved about three feet? At a point of desperation and absolute boredom (we had already talked to all the other Phish Phreaks in front of us and behind us on the Interstate) we decided to just hike it to the hotel and leave the car on the shoulder like the other hundred or so people. Up the on-ramp we went.

Needless to say, we made it to the concert (as if we wouldn't have) and everything around us just seemed to "Split Open and Melt" as the familiar notes began to play. Phish not only put on their best concert yet, but gave us an amazing light show as well. The lights flashed in red, purple, yellow, blue and psychedelic designs

(which were projected onto the ceiling and walls) in perfect sync. with the songs that they played. These songs included: Rift, Sample in a Jar, Run Like an Antelope, Golgi Apparatus, Mound, and Esther just to name a few. Phish is completely spontaneous - breaking into a four person piano jam and the theme song from "The Simpsons" was all taken in stride.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful things about Phish concerts are the Phreaks. Everywhere, people just like you, who are willing to give you anything. There's just "Something" in the air. So when Phish came back for an encore and said, "What song do you want to hear?" it was no surprise to hear a lot of fans yelling "Freebird! Freebird!" Common at any concert, right? Be careful what you wish for, because Phish did it. And they did it *a capella*. Amazing.



design by Kelly Williams

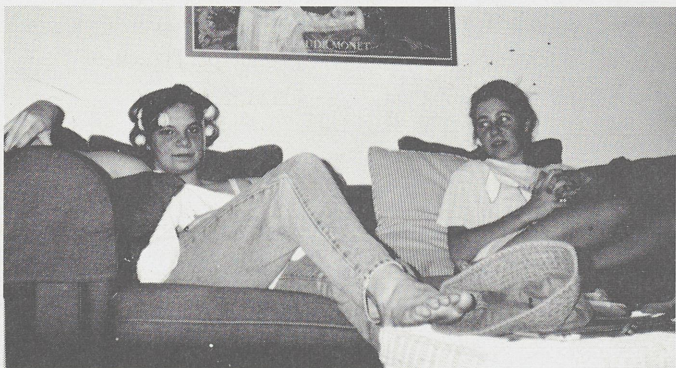
Movie Review... cont. from p. 6

Reality Bites. A group of post-college friends try to deal with the dilemmas of the real world, and experience frustrations. They assume greater responsibility, both to themselves and to each other.

These movies seem to be popular among our generation as well as the last. Some of the themes hit really close

to home. We watch these films and smile, knowing that we have gone through this -- the trials of adolescence, and the tribulations yet to come.

If you have seen *Singles* or *Reality Bites*, also be sure to check out the soundtracks. Both feature some great alternative music; *Reality* also includes New Age and some popular seventies songs.



Definitely NOT Madame Zorro -- the Bellyacher herself chills at home. Anonymous photo.

Madame Zoro

by Sarah Costonis

TAURUS - Happy birthday, dear Bull. The sun is in your sky now and should be reflecting back through your eyes as a little twinkle. It's a good month - go out and enjoy the sun, the breezes, and the scent of the flowers.

GEMINI - Did you know that you can see the Great Wall of China from the moon? Did you know that the hummingbird flaps its wings 100 times per second?

CANCER - Looks like things could be picking up financially - celebrate your newfound 'wealth' and rent *Beaches* or buy a kitten from the Humane Shelter.

LEO - Now is a

good time to be hospitable: Throw a party! Don't forget to invite some of your Taurus friends!

VIRGO - Come on, Virgo - stop spending your time indoors studying. It's Spring! Go outside and sniff the crocuses!

LIBRA - So, have you decided yet? Now is an excellent time for hospitality. Go to Leo's party, or have one of your own.

SCORPIO - Problems and frustrations may occur during this period. Don't get too upset, instead go out and paint the town red!

SAGITTARIUS - It's a beautiful Spring! Now's a great time for a

trip! Try not to commit in romance.

CAPRICORN - Watch your diet. Greasy foods at lunch won't go down well.

AQUARIUS - Be gregarious. It's also a great time to enjoy one of your eccentric hobbies.

PISCES - Go somewhere wet - a pool, a lake, a bar. . . Romance is in the air. We're studying Shakespeare, aren't we?

ARIES - Happy belated birthday! After last month, you may be on the downswing right now.

EVERYONE - Watch out for the eclipse on May 10th: it's an excellent time for finances, romance, and hospitality.

(Everything but the Kitchen Sink)

Logos II presents the Senior Class Last Wills and Testaments

I, **MabByrd**, being of -- well, never mind about my body, but my mind's okay -- do hereby bequeath the following things to the following people. They'd better appreciate them.

To Brandy, Laura Marie, and Kristine, the alto line (never a melody) and all the power and glory that go with it; to Susan Rankin, Bondo; to Rachel Lee, Veve Broadbent, and Jenny Close, an attitude adjustment (or a good beating); to Holly Meadows: lots of love, and envy for your voice; to Toya Byrd: my name and that great Jetsons costume; to Kristine, a smile and a big fat hug; to Sarah Chisolm: a great deal of luck with Quarkk and the new sponsor, and my place at the head of Logos; to Kimberly Irion, power over even more seniors next year; to Beth Hardcastle, a ride home whenever you need it; to Michelle, a car all your own, so Erik can drive, too; to Val, luck being the oldest now; to Kelly Williams: a night at Bongo Java, another road trip, the consulship, and sixty more T-shirts -- have fun!; to Katie Sloan: LOTS of relatives, a night at Kitty's farm, a cute fish, and Doug: enjoy him now!; to Mahsa, a consulship, and a heavy torch to carry; to Beeker, I leave Logos in your hands: take good care of my baby, and don't let the computer get the best of you; to Elizabeth Crocker, my favorite section of all, take care; to Emily Cowan: a new hat, to replace the one that flew out the window; to Becky, permission to Betch all you want, and an offer to publish it; to Catherine, my eternal gratitude for having the guts to write the sexual harassment article and then take the flak; to

Becca, lots of love and permission to come visit me in California; to Jada, two surprise parties, Kitty's birthday on the road, Smiley and Yellow-stripe, Jim Miller and his corsages, MBA Prom '93 with Winn and Pat (and the pictures), soaplike food, Presentation pictures for \$8, a New Year's party that grew, and Tim (you'd better take good care of him!!!); to Dr. Jones: someone who understands your puns; to Mrs. Ross, a lot of Moonglow; to Dr. Cassel, another dignified chorus member, and more rehearsal time; to Dr. Echerd, the knowledge that you were my favorite lecture class ever and the promise of many letters; to Ms. Huff, much luck in childbearing; to Ms Renkl: another literary seventh-grader in your Latin class, and the knowledge that you were the first English teacher I couldn't fool; and to Miss Wynne, last but never the least: love and respect, in huge quantities, and also some controllable eight-graders.

I, **Kitty Coleman**, do hereby leave to Beth Kautzman and Katie Jackson, a hit and a cut-down; to Val Byrd, a crack; to Jada A., a frozen tomato and a date with Bill; to Becky Clark, a butt-grabber and a pair of Wrangler jeans; to Kelli Dunaway, a drag-race, 'gator, and a final, "Hey, man!"; to Caroline Mullins, the man, sumo, Vanilla Ice's train, a detachable gourd, "Oh, shut-up, Kyle!", and a video camera; to Emily Wild, a drink holder, Elvis D., a piggy back ride from Bennett and a tiny hole in the Starwood fencing to squeeze through; to Dee-Dee, a cheese log, ajee, a Shout stain stick, a Chinese donut, autoraving, a double

scoop, an Atlanta woman, a bucket, and a Sargasso Sea to crawl in and "be fine" in; and to Katie Sloan, a purple flexatard, Reds, Presidency of DOC, a leading man in a Speedo, a pair of tight-rolled jeans gripping the buttocks firmly, Doug, *Robot Jocks*, *Viva Las Vegas*, and a drive to M e m p h i s - u h - Hendersonville.

I, **Lydia Cook**, being of confused mind and perpetually sore body, do hereby will and bequeath the following: To Lindsay Smith, an interminable number of Dr. Echerd's tests and all my good babysitting jobs; To Blake Ellis, Lola Blackwell, Kat Ward, Allison Brown, Beth Kautzman, and Katherine Kaminski, I leave three more years of French, also, I entrust Tuz to ya'll's collective care; And to Dana Trella, a mere two more years of French; To Blythe Durrett, Jenny Mudter, and Sallie McMurray, another year of titillating math; To Dr. Cooper, I leave a copy of every "American Experience" PBS special ever made; To Mr. Tuzeneu, a second period class without me - enjoy it; To Mrs. Ward, a visit from a stripper wearing a leopard-skin toga; To Dr. Echerd I leave all my tapes of *Saturday Night Live* and a ticket to Nagano, Japan for the 1998 Winter Games. To Mrs. Lentz, I leave a semi trailer-truck load of tampons; And to Waste Management, all the stationary with the horrible green "H" on it. May it rot in a landfill far from Harpeth Hall.

I, **Beth Allison Davis**, of sound mind and heart, do hereby bequeath the following things to the following

people: to Beth Waltemath, a stick and my place in the dance club line; to Mary Reid Colter, a nerve relaxer; to Rachel Kraft, my incredible center of gravity; to Jennifer LaRue, our color, green; to my sophomore year Latin II class, a stripper; to my 7th period photography class, an opinion; to Mr. Tuz, a new French V class and tape for their mouths; to Dr. Jones, a particle bombardier; to Dr. Cooper, an AP American movie; to Ms. Oxley, a 3-d graphing calculator; to Dr. Echerd, a barricade to enhance your French Revolution visual aides; to Ms. Matthews, my respect; to Ms. Renkl, the knowledge that you inspired me to love English.

I, **Tiffany DeFrance**, of burned-out mind and exhausted body, do hereby leave: to Sukey, two more bass-jammin' roadtrips to Henry County; to Chrissy, many exciting cones on the soccer field; to Lacey, one more session of leadership conference spotting skills and a date with Joey; to Catherine, a luge ride; to the 1994 soccer team, the will to win -- Beat Ryan!

I, **Leslie Huddleston**, of sound mind and body, hereby leave to following: to Catherine Blackburn, my bloomers and a map of the Hunter's Lane area; to Jenny Mudter, my place on the front row; to Sarah Costonis, a long, sharp, pointy needle and a large nurse; to AK Dettwiller, my ribbons and a little tune: "they call him 'flicker'..."; to Lacey Galbraith, the bathroom at 2:05; to anyone, my cars, since they won't make it to college; to the Juniors, Cancun and the couch in

the Senior House; to all underclassmen, all of my faithful ex-boyfriends whether they want them or not.

I, **Mary Pillow Kirk**, of sound body (not mind) and soul, leave the following: to Varina Buntin, a bag so that you can Baggitt; to Mary Creagh, my size 16 basketball shorts, and I hope they fit; to Lacey Galbraith, the open lane for your halfcourt lay-ups; to Tiffany Gaston, the strength to quit track; to Mary Hunt Martin, my Pre-Cal homework, just in case you didn't do it one day; to Muffin MacNabb, my clean, wrinkly-free uniform so your mom will be happy; to Sarah Oliver, a punching bag, since I won't be sitting behind you anymore; to Catherine Parsons, my position (what position?) as outside hitter/setter/middle hitter; to Katherine Wray, my graphing calculator, so you will have someone to write notes to, and you can share my Pre-Cal homework with Mary Hunt; to Andrew Walker, my water bottle for those church ball games; to Ellie, A.K., and Comer, my ability to housesit; to Jennifer Kain, I'm sorry I didn't leave you anything!; to Chris Jackson, my adapter, and a bus partner for those 30 hour bus rides; to Frank Blair, a Flow-Bee to cut your hair; to Carrie Smith and Grace Verner, a roommate; to Katie Tidwell, my faithful car to get you to the basketball games on time; to Dr. Jones, 2 pairs of shoes, just in case you come across 3 feet; and to Mr. Springman, an incoming freshman who can dive on the ground as well as I can!

I, **Lindsay Mallard**, leave to the following

There Are More Seniors' Wills

underclassmen... to Varina, Robbie King and fat-free food; to Katherine Wray, melanoma and Darryl Hannah; to Catherine Parsons, the end of the bench; to the whole volleyball team, Pete's Dragon, So Hard to Be a Line Judge, Dinosaur Butt, and Kristin "Opossum" Bertucci; to Jean Davis, long talks in sleeping bags on Hillsboro Rd., trips to Princeton, and my duties as Mu Alpha Theta president; to Katie P., Comer, and Brianne, the other side of the room and hot chocolate; to Carrie Smith and Grace, YL Ski Trip, a mattress, and around-the-world Ping-Pong; to Lacey and Tiffany, a jar of pickle juice; to Sarah Oliver, YL Ski Trip, tree-nails, road trips, all my books, long-haired goobers, Chase and Mitchell, and the boys' bathroom at Mr. Gatti's.

I, **Lauren Marler**, being of AP-stressed mind and sleep-deprived body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Jada Arkovotz, the Schvettibaby/Swiss Miss Boy legacy, SATCO, and A.W.; to Michelle Daugherty, people named after holidays in the wrong language that scam; to Catherine, Caroline, and Emily, senior leadership of the softball team; to Rachel Allen, a new boyfriend; to Elizabeth, Leila, Leslie, and Allison, ASP with Les; to Becca Fortner, fa di diddle I do; to Val Byrd, my brother; to Ruffin Priest, Keith; to the whole softball team, another chance for a winning season and a search for a new pitcher -- I love you guys!

I, **Katie Moran**, leAve to Anne Elizabeth an endless amount of boyfriend advice, many more Milestones meetings, and a woman named Kilgore; to Mary Morgan the ability to find a prom dress in Nashville; to Katie Earls a "HEY KAADIE!!"; to Courtney Jones a friendly smile; to

Juddy E. a box of morals; to Jada a pair of mustard yellow pants; to Elizabeth Wray and insane asylum with a darkroom; and to Barrett Rose a sincere apology and a Fat Daddy Hug.

I, **Lindsey Orcutt**, do hereby leave to Tiffany Gaston, my Ensworth shorts -- wear them with pride, to memories of Moby Dick and Rodge, hard track workouts, the Steeplechase course and all of our memories running side by side, and the mile-run it with pride, and good luck, sweets!; to Lacey Galbraith, boobs (may you be blessed with them someday), dump talks and nerves, a date with Niel Mayo, the strength not to lope, you're the light that God shines through; to Mary Creagh, the high jump pit to lay out on, "#1, I'm #1", track meets without getting emotional, SNIFF SNIFF -- what's that smell?, a superhug from Ramone, new shins, and the high jump -- don't give up, I know you can do it; to Jeanie Davis, a supply of Bermuda shorts, some body fat, my naturally blonde hair, and the strength to kick butt in your 200m next year; to Kristine West (my twin), strong ankles to survive the next 2 years, a year supply of Wild Berry Powerbars, some tissues, our workouts and skillful procrastination, and the pentathlon -- win it in 1995!; and to Veve, a used Ameigo, our 2-hr talks, 3 more years of Ms. Russ and her workouts, some lip stuff, a tape of Zooropa, rockclimbing, the skill to drive a stick shift, and the physical and inner strength to hurdle anything; I love you guys and I'll miss you!!

I, **Sarah Phillips**, of sound mind (laughter) and sound body (even louder laughter) do hereby bequeath the following things: to "Crusty" Fontecchio, common sense, talks about bad kissers, and coffee...mate;

to Muffin "Muff" McNabb, a hair dryer for smoke ventilation and an anti-theft device; to Katherine "Have Your Way" Wray, my cream bodysuit so you can wear it with Hallie's velvet dress; to Liz Ligon, a big ole "Hi, Liz, Liz hi!"; to Will O'Hare, an afternoon of archives and a cup of mocha tea; to Rob Hancock (*mon petit fleur*), an invitation to go to *Phantom* in exchange for your special little dance; to Bradley Coburn, a quarter and your own actrion movie series; to Beau Tidwell, Sean Strauss; and to Ashley "Ashie" Horne, Taco Bell dreams and Kroger fantasies, my driving ability (what stop sign?), a happy, "merry" way to dress, a Girl Scout uniform and a video tape, Mule Day, artsy pictures, more friends your own age, an egg, and an open invitation to Atlanta.

I, **Josephine Proctor**, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave to Katie Earls, my bowling ball and collection of *Beverly Hills 90210* tapes; to Elizabeth Wray, my camera and my Wolfe account; to Margaret Wray, Friday nights wide open for a fun-filled night with the yearbook; to Vadie Turner, paints and all my Melrose updates; to Kelly Williams, all the Funfetti cake one can devour in a 50-minute class period; to Elizabeth Oglesby, my black pen (but only if I can have your blue one); to Ashley Horne, "on two", centerstage, and my tap shoes; and to Mary Reid Colter, the stage to perform on last dance.

I, **Rebecca Russell**, leave to the following underclassmen... to Varina: fat free food, Rotary Tennis Tournament and porno movies, *Town and Country*, Milligan, the volley ball state championship; to Kathryn Wray, Milligan, fats, fake fights, Darryl Hannah,

attempts to sneak off on a road trip to Chattanooga; to Catherine Parsons, crazy, crazy people; to Mary Hunt, wha wha shield, winter volleyball, Princess Ginna, and Jody Moore; to Sarah Oliver, Chattanooga boys and road trips, Chad, the Spin Doctors concert, mock trial, long haired boys; to Brianne and Katie, Mrs. Ward's translation notebook, hot chocolate, and the other side of the Latin room; to Comar, Milligan, volleyball team night out, Mrs. Lentz's room convo's, late to Latin, Mrs. Ward, cheating on boyfriends, Adepes, the green book, any hot guys you might by chance find in Nashville, the slacker tradition and all the fatty food in the world!

I, **Mary Southwood**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Sukey, lots of faith that things can work out; to Amber, safe rides to track meets; to Ruth, a 2:19 800-meter; to Mary Hunt, no more stolen dates; to Meghan T., strawberries, pineapple, grapes, and bananas; to Katie Tidwell, five more inches; to Veve, a black sports bra and lots of first place finishes; to Kristing, a long conversation and lots of smiles during basketball; to Jean Davis, a pair of long shorts and a lesson in getting it on; to Tiffany Gaston, baseball games, a trip to France, a warm-up lap, and a lifetime supply of Espresso pens; to Kathryn Wray, a New Year's Eve party in honor of you and the basketball season we never had; to Jennifer Kain, a pack of cigarettes, a tape of my singing, some morphine, and a thank-you for all your support; to Lacey, a long-distance guy who comes home for dances; to Varina, a pair of white basketball shoes and a trip to Atlanta; to Mary Creagh, milkshakes, cheese-fries, patty melts, a weekend at Sewanee, first period talks, and MY

track team; to Mr. Springman, officials who are for Harpeth Hall; to Mr. Goodwin, my Gibson Girl look and a special thank-you for all your help; to Dr. Jones, a 7:00 AM friend; to Ms. Russ, many more State Championships; to Mom, Dad, Walter, Brent, and all my friends, I love you all -- and I finally got out of high school!

I, **Jennie Stevens**, give to my sister Katie Stevens the ability not to get caught; to Mary Beth Scherer I give many fun nights at Krystal's without me; to Jeff Blondin I leave common sense on not getting in trouble; to Lee Crabtree I leave Maggie's luck with parties; and last, to Frank Blair I leave three more Harpeth Hall proms (but not one more fun than your first).

I, **Nikki Voysey**, leave to Emily "Lucky" Cowan my tendency to get hit in the face; to Vadie Turner my forever-haunting words, "but Vadie, it won't be as special"; to Val Byrd I leave Georgie Snooks, a "bng", and a "Yeis-sas!"; to Kelly Williams, memories of a mocha freeze and that "N" word; to Caroline Mullins and Maggie Blair, gnats in right field; to Catherine Parsons, purple underwear from my trunk; to Mary Hunt Martin and Anna Kristin Coker, Dr. Cassel; to Beth Kautzman, "oops there it is!"; to Laura Marie Redd, some Kleenex for your chorus hacking; to Leila Holscher, Keigo; to Leila and Elizabeth Griggs, the Spin Doctors; to Brianne Frazier my poofy Homecoming dress; to Blythe Durrett my amazing, invincible badminton racket; and to the entire class of 1997, I leave Will Hickerson.

I, **Elizabeth R. Weiss**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Jenny Mudter, my cheerleading uniform; to Jada, a call from J.G. at

The very end of the Senior Wills

5:45 AM; to Justin Tatum, my car; to Sarah Taber, a fun time in Hallmarks; to Laura B., my obnoxious dog; to Jim Rich, a date with my sil, **Lauren Marler**, being of AP-stressed mind and sleep-deprived body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Jada Arkovotz, the Schvetti-baby/Swiss Miss Boy legacy, SATCO, and A.W.; to Michelle Daugherty, people named after holidays in the wrong language that scam; to Catherine, Caroline, and Emily, senior leadership of the softball team; to Rachel Allen, a new boyfriend; to Elizabeth, Leila, Leslie, and Allison, ASP with Les; to Becca Fortner, fa di diddle I do; to Val Byrd, my brother; to Ruffin Priest, Keith; to the whole softball team, another chance for a winning season and a search for a new pitcher -- I love you guys!ster; to Colleen White, Richard and Rosston; ; to JCN G., luck for the next two years at home and a big hug; to Blythe, 4th period Pre-Cal; to my sister, a future with Whitaker; I love you all, Rox.

I, **Holly Whetsell**, with a "Spring Fevered" mind and body, do hereby leave Whitney Hart a free ride from 4210 Estes to the BIG HH; to Emily Holmes my phone number at Northwestern (open for talks day and night) and my love; to Mary-Michael Johnson a sweater for Switzerland; to Katrie Kaminski the ability to keep the "Westminster Green Meanies" rolling next season; to Grace Verner and Carrie Smith a run down Enchanted Forest; to Kimberly Irion the youth groupies who are out of control; to Anne Elizabeth MacIntosh my own HIPER abilities; to Kristin Smith fun with Mrs. Rumsey and Mary Morgan Blackburn to supervise; to Bev Statland an EXTRA early admission to Northwestern, or at least a visit; to Brenna Tally an even bigger wrist bone; to Sukey Tully, the ability to keep Chuckles in line next year; to Jada Arkovitz, a gossip session at the lockers; to Varina Buntin what else but PROGRESS!, patience with you-know-who in '95, math chic award, all the

\$\$\$, and all my respect; to Mary Reid Colter a very high ponytail, red lips, a lot of extra tears to stress out with next year, a ride home with good talk, and the HC; to Jean Davis the ability to make sure ALTY is ok next year, a long airplane ride to Colorado, a demand that you write/call me all the time; to Katie Earls long talks in the library, people that understand you, tonz of kisses from MEEE!; to Lacey Galbraith anxiety and worry warts, my phone number for our "hall" talks; to Jean King patience with BPS and college applications, a Cheekwood pottery class, a BMMC aerobics class; to Muffin McNabb someone to call you TUPPER, the ability to keep Anne, Bill, Penny, and Paul sane, "Doggy Tag", a million thank you's for being like a sister to me; to Sarah Oliver a spazzed neck, an unzipped backpack, a trip to Memphis; to Courtney Pace fun times with MUS boys at you-know-where in '95, my crush on "worm boy", patience in you-know-what class; to Mahsa Sharifi, the

courage to deal with six classes, good luck, and my love in all you do; to Karen Williams, 2 wonderful knees, eighth period FISSICKS problems; to TUZ a focussed French V class, FARFY's influence on your children; to Dr. Jones no more tears, one of the most genuine Thank You's (for being my "other" dad!); to Miss T. a "still alive" Emily and a talk 'til one in the morning; to Mrs. Matthews an abundance of Skinny's, a walk in my garden. I love you!; to Mrs. Huff, a May Day wreath; to Mommie your pooche, California Rolls, a bright yellow ribbon and a big smile; to Daddy, the DUCK POND and a wonderful friendship.

I, **Miller Wild**, being of unfit body and no mind at all, do hereby leave the following: to Blythe Durrett -- a date with *scarfenburger*, a single dorm room in college so you won't have to waste your eyeliner drawing boundary lines on the

sink, and, well, YOU owe ME one rather large party!; to Catherine Blackburn, a good boyfriend who will fall helplessly in love with you -- we need to break the pattern of the uncommitted guys we've chosen in the past; to Moose, just the memory of what you were like as a freshman -- look at you now!; to Whitney Samuels, you can keep those pictures; to Varina Buntin, Lacey Galbraith, and Katherine Wray, another fun-filled concert with Chester the Molester; to John Ozier and John Steele, a crazy high school experience, and be nice to the girls and remember that Kathryn and I are your chaperones for your Senior Spring Break; to Liz Palmer, a date with Matting and many more parties at your house; to Jenny Wray, Jenny Gracewell, and Grace Verner, front row tickets to the next Blues Traveler concert; and to Emily, my car, my phone, and the new status of being an only child!

And That's All, Folks!

PLACE AUTOGRAPHS HERE





The thrill of victory

by Rachel Reeves

Last year, the only positive thing to come out of the softball season was our new fence. This year, however, is a different story. The 1994 season is off to a great start with two wins, (two more than last year), and three close losses. The team even experienced the sensation of being undefeated (for one game)! Coached by Phil Hooper and Peter Goodwin, the team is made up of three seniors, three juniors, five sophomores, and five freshmen. There has

been a tremendous increase in team spirit (notice the candy on the message boards), and a positive attitude that has been absent until this year. We have also had to overcome several trials and tribulations to arrive at such a successful season.

First: our field has been playable *once* since February, because the draining system installed to remove water from the field got confused, and now it deposits water *on* the field. Second: in softball, if you don't have

a pitcher, you can't win any ballgames. Our team lacked this invaluable player until Senior Lauren Marler selflessly volunteered herself for the job. She has done a wonderful job so far and has full support from her team! The Harpeth Hall Softball team has a new and improved motto for this year: "We may not, and probably won't, have a winning season, and winning is not everything, but it sure feels good." We would like to thank our loyal fan Dr. Echerd and great coaches, Phil and Pete.

Balls a-flyin' as tennis season starts

by Karen Williams

It may seem as though school will never end, but spring is finally here and the tennis team is off to a great start. Led by only one senior, Rebecca Russell, the team is very young. Coach Pat Moran, however, is confident in her young group of players. This year the team consists of seventeen players and they are split into A and B teams. There is also the addition of a new coach for the B team, Mr. Peter Meadows.

Due to the rain, the team is behind schedule for their district matches. When they are able to play these matches, Hillsboro and USN will be the team's biggest rivals. Also in the

team's schedule is a trip to Louisville, Kentucky to play a school similar to Harpeth Hall. This will be the first time for the first time for the two teams to play against each other, but Coach Moran feels they should be good competition for they have a strong tennis tradition. At press time the team has participated in the Rotary and Chadwell Tournaments where Harpeth Hall placed second and fourth respectively. The tennis team is off to a strong start with plenty of matches left to play. The best of luck to them throughout the rest of the season, and remember -- spectators are always welcome at matches!

Soccer feet are kickin'

by Crissy Wieck

There is a group on campus that some of you may not know about: Harpeth Hall's Soccer Association. We are one and one with a promising season ahead. With a new soccer coach coming to Harpeth Hall next year, a few members of the team have been glad to

have this opportunity to keep up their soccer skills. We play every Saturday against local teams. The league is very laid back, yet the competitiveness of the girls on the team makes the intensity very high. We are enjoying a great year and would love to have spectators. if you

are interested in watching us play, just ask a player when the next game is to be played. Those players would be people like Crissy Wieck, Anna Kristin Coker, Comer Ireland, A.K. Detwiller, Brianne Frazier, Leila Holscher, Laura Boaz, Katie Tidwell and Carrie Smith.



ah, victory -- Sophomore Elizabeth Griggs and Freshman Katie Tidwell, softball players.

Guess what? Track won...again

by Kate Terry

It's cold and rainy. It's probably about 60 below, after several days of gorgeous weather. There can be only one explanation... track season has started, and the team has a meet.

We run ourselves dizzy and make ourselves slaves to a stopwatch, but the hard work is definitely worth it; the Bears are undefeated so far (and plan to stay that way) and went to Chattanooga to the Optimist Southeastern at GPS. The team went in hoping merely to better their times and to get a feel for the track, as the State meet will also be held at GPS, but the Bears drove away with first place over many highly competitive teams.

Many of the team set their personal records at that meet.

The Southeastern victory is reflected in the dual meets here in Nashville, and also in the recent (and first time ever, for Harpeth Hall) domination of the Doug Hall Relays, where two meet records were set.

The track team has demonstrated the depth and the experience necessary to prove itself worthy of the State title in late May. Led by Seniors Lindsey Orcutt, Ashley McAdams, Mary Southwood, and Kate Terry, the Bears run fast, jump high, and throw heavy objects five days a week, two hours a day (sometimes more!). Coaching once again for

the Hall is Ms. Susan Russ with her ever-positive attitude, and assisting her is a newcomer to the Hall, the accomplished athlete Jan Barton. Ms. Barton will be helping the jumpers (hurdlers, long jump and high jump people) and sprinters for the most part or this season. We welcome her to our campus and to our team -- she is a valuable addition.

With three pentathletes going to the State Pentathlon (where points can be scored toward the final state meet), the season's grand finale seems to have incredible potential. Don't miss any action on the track... this year's team is worth watching!

Movie Review... cont. from p. 6

Reality Bites. A group of post-college friends try to deal with the dilemmas of the real world, and experience frustrations. They assume greater responsibility, both to themselves and to each other.

These movies seem to be popular among our generation as well as the last. Some of

the themes hit really close to home. We watch these films and smile, knowing that we have gone through this -- the trials of adolescence, and the tribulations yet to come.

If you have seen *Singles* or *Reality Bites*, also be sure to check out the soundtracks. Both feature some great alternative music; *Reality* also includes New Age and some popular seventies songs.